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THE MERRYMAKERS

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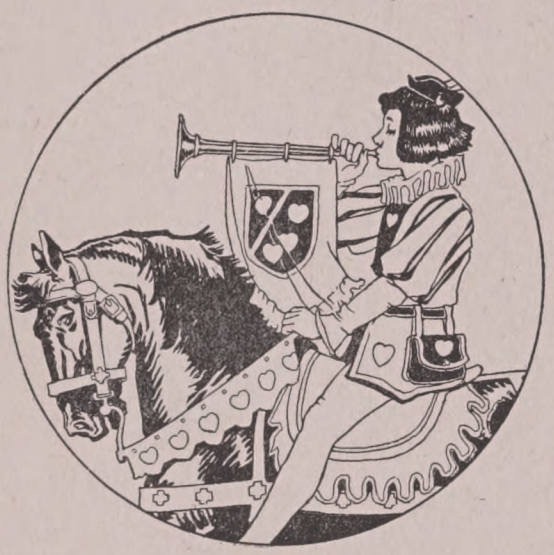
By

Louise Ayres Garnett



With Pictures By

James McCracken

Rand McNally & Company

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SEP -3 1918

To
My dear Mother's granddaughter,
Gloria,
with "penny-colored hair"
(who is, also, my own little girl)

Let's hurry off to Pudding Lane
And go a-Muffin shopping

The Pictures

Here 's a list you can 't resist—
Not a picture should be missed!

	PAGE
Loud and long the bugler blows, Straining from his crown to toes.	*Title Page*
Let 's hurry off to Pudding Lane And go a-Muffin shopping.	*Frontispiece*
And grooms were posted breathlessly For good old Doctor Foster.	*Eleven*
And all those grooms took to their heels, So fierce he looked and hostile.	*Thirteen*
And Muffin after Muffin ate, Nor cared how much they cost her.	*Facing Fifteen*
And now the golden Coach we see. Hurrah! Hurroo! Hididdle dee!	*Seventeen*
The King and Queen say, "Howdy do, Dear sir, and all the rest of you."	*Nineteen*
The King is so amused he gives The Dame his jeweled garter.	*Twenty*
The footmen carry in the Shop Two dozen empty baskets.	*Twenty-one*
The cheery Woman of the Shoe, With children by the dozen	*Facing Twenty-two*
"Come, Polly, put a Muffin in," The Muffin Man invites her.	*Twenty-five*
Instead of pigs Tom brings with him His pet, the Fiddling Cat.	*Twenty-eight*
Miss Muffet trips sedately with No fear of bug or spider.	*Facing Thirty*
Now Jack and Jill come on the run, All out of breath and full of fun.	*Thirty-three*

PAGE

"A jolly crowd," he says, "composed
Of cats and clowns and bakers." *Thirty-seven*

We stop and by the road behold
Three Kittens white and furry. *Facing Thirty-eight*

Four-and-twenty Tailors in
A terror-stricken flight. *Forty-one*

We meet the Snail beside the road
Her little horns outspreading. *Forty-three*

At that the birds come circling down,
One lighting on the Kingly crown. *Forty-five*

The Queen sinks down beside the pair
And hugs them to her then and there. *Facing Forty-eight*

Away they speed, their horses' shanks
As fleeting as a rascal's thanks. *Fifty-one*

He lifts wee Janie in his arms,
The Queen takes little John. *Fifty-three*

The man falls on his knees. He speaks:
"Have mercy!" *Fifty-five*

Upon the way we pass a Maid
A-hanging clothes to dry. *Facing fifty-eight*

Here Goosey Gander comes in sight
With most convincing waddle. *Sixty-one*

The Pretty Maid with stool and pail
Appears and gives us friendly hail. *Sixty-three*

To Castle Halls we romp and rollic,
Full of antics parabolic. *Sixty-five*

A pair of pages enter with
Their faces glad as gold. *Facing Sixty-eight*

And slowly raise the upper crust
Delectable and porous. *Seventy*

In a voice as gay as brass
He sings these jolly numbers: *Seventy-five*

Within the Shop the clock's two hands
To north and south are spreading. *Seventy-nine*

The MERRYMAKERS

To-day the weather is so fine
I cannot keep from hopping.
Let's hurry off to Pudding Lane
And go a-Muffin shopping.

Hippety-hop to the Muffin Shop
For better things than candy.
Don't stop to wash your face and hands
And be too spick-and-spandy!

The Muffin Maker's Muffins are
The best of all confections
And to the Shop to purchase them
Come folk from all directions.

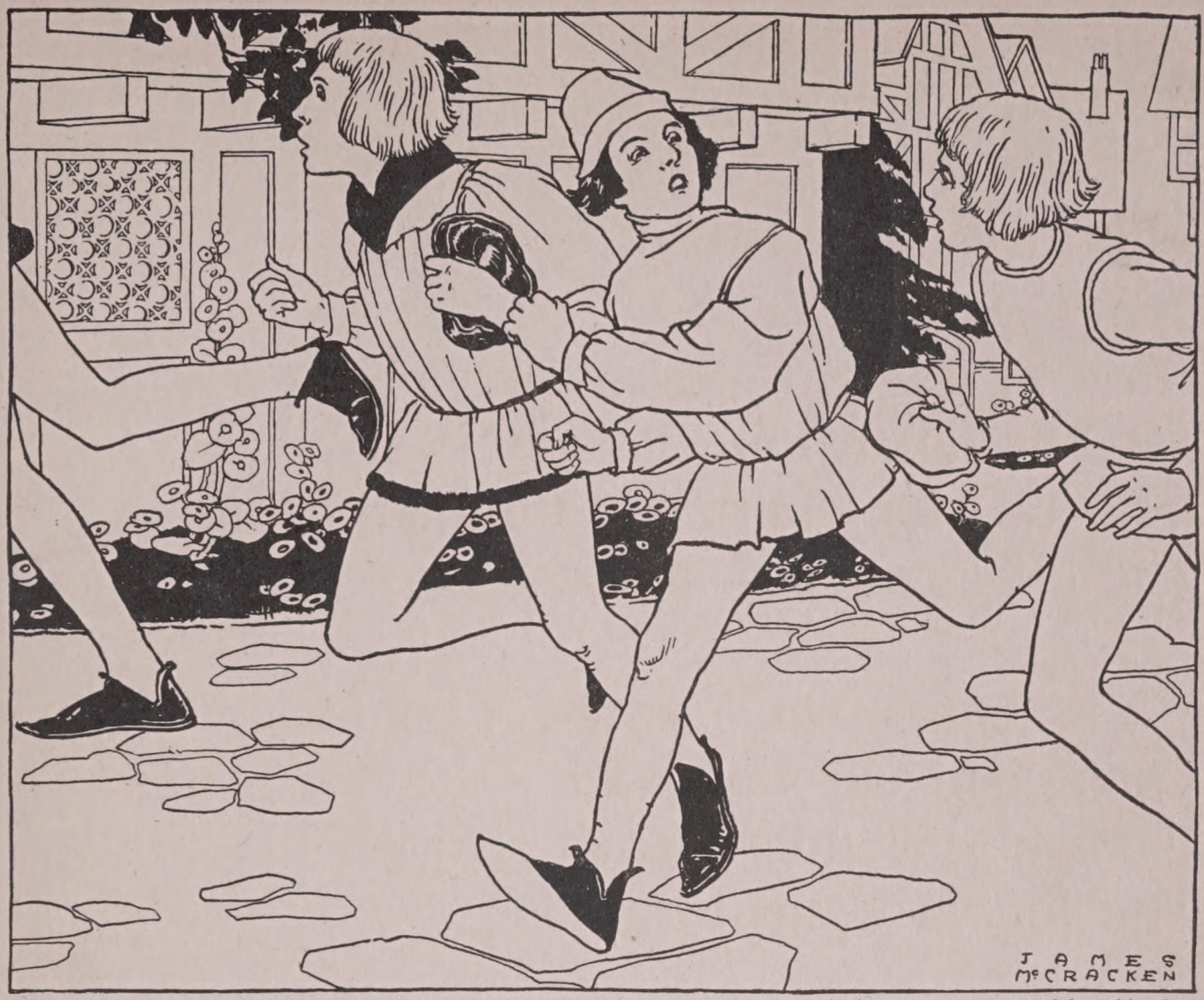
The young ones on their ponies ride,
Or in perambulators,
Or pick-a-back, or on shanks' mare
With flying heels and gaiters.

The old ones come in carryalls,
Or hasten on their crutches.
The tall, the short, the thick, the thin,
From beggar boy to duchess,

Go hastening to Pudding Lane
Intent on one ambition:
To buy a Muffin, hot and sweet,
And buttered for nutrition.

They say Miss Muffet's Mother's Aunt
Lay sick-a-bed in Gloucester
And grooms were posted breathlessly
For good old Doctor Foster.

Now, it was raining cats and dogs,
And where d'ye think they found him?



And grooms were posted breathlessly
For good old Doctor Foster

Stuck fast in mud up to his belt
With thunders crashing round him!

They threw some ropes beneath his arms
And pulled with grit and gumption!
While Doctor Foster shook his fists
Reviling their presumption.

By then 't was raining kits and pups
(For milder was the weather),
When shouting, "One, two, three, now pull!"
The grooms pulled all together,

Until at last, by might and main,
They dragged out Doctor Foster,
And he was like a huge mud pie,
The crustiest in Gloucester.

He railed at grooms from east to west,
That good old man so kindly,
Then north and south, and up and down,
And forward and behindly,

And when his breath and strength were gone
He twitched an outraged nostril,
And all those grooms took to their heels,
So fierce he looked and hostile.

And when they told the Doctor's plight
How sad the situation,

And all those grooms took to their heels,
So fierce he looked and hostile.

For no one else knew how to aid
The Muffets' sick relation!

Then suddenly Miss Muffet cried,
"Oh, fiddlesticks and stuffin's!
Let's take her to the Muffin Shop
And fill her full of Muffins."

From off her bed they took the Aunt,
They laid her on a litter,
And sixteen horses' hoofs rang out
With *clitter-clatter-clitter.*

They dashed full speed, they whinnied loud,
Nor ever paused a minute
Until they reached the Shop. The Aunt
Was quickly carried in it,

And Muffin after Muffin ate,
Nor cared how much they cost her,
And well and sound and full and round
Returned that day to Gloucester.

How fast we've come! Our feet have flown
O'er grass and walk and cobble stone,
And something says inside of me:
How nice it is that We are We.

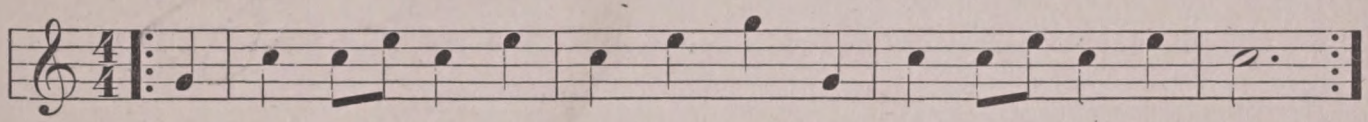
Now one more turn and we will gain
The darling street of Pudding Lane.

And muffin after muffin ate,
Nor cared how much they cost her

And here we are—behold the Shop,
There, where so many people stop!

Oh, listen to the stirring sound
That makes the very cobbles bound!
It is the Bugler heralding
The coming of the Queen and King.

The Bugle Call



How cheerfully the people shout
And spin each other round about
And toss their hats high in the air
And cry, "Long live the Royal Pair!"

See the eight white horses prancing
And so fearlessly advancing!
See the pages on their ponies
Proud and fine as macaronies!

And now the golden Coach we see.
Hurrah! Hurroo! Hididdle dee!
I'm glad I'm standing on my head
Or surely I would burst instead!

The horses with a curvet stop
Before the little Muffin Shop,
Where hasting swiftly as he can
Appears the beaming Muffin Man.

He opens wide the golden door
And smiles and bows and smiles some more.
The King and Queen say, "Howdy do,
Dear sir, and all the rest of you."

"We're proud and pleased, Your Majesties,"
The Muffin Man is saying,
"That to the Shop in Pudding Lane
A visit you are paying."

At this with friendly nod, the Queen
Arises to our shouting

And now the golden Coach we see.
Hurrah! Hurroo! Hididdle dee!

And says, "We hope each one of you
Will take a happy outing.

"I promised but a week ago
I'd tell the King about you
And I was sure that he'd agree
We could not do without you;

"So you must come and spend the day
In our belovèd Castle

And, as I said, we've brought you each
A cap and golden tassel."

Oh, how we clap our hands and dance!
We caper and we frolic
Until the wee-est baby here
Begins to cry from colic.

We give her just a crumb or two
Of Muffin specked with butter,
And not another single cry
That child is heard to utter.

The gallant King descends to say,
"In all of my existence
I've never eaten Muffins with
So little of resistance.

"I never felt so much a King
As when I had devoured one,
And all I ate were fine and sweet
With not a single soured one.

The King and Queen say, "Howdy do,
Dear sir, and all the rest of you"

"Now with my sword and royal word,
O goodly Muffin Maker,
I here declare you are a Knight,
And name you Baron Baker!"

"Ah, sire! I'm thinking," says a voice,
And there stands Mother Hubbard,

The King is so amused he gives
The Dame his jeweled garter

"'T is I who should be Baroness
For barren was my cupboard."

The King is so amused he gives
The Dame his jeweled garter,
Who fastens it around her Dog
From which you could not part her.

The footmen carry in the Shop
Two dozen empty baskets

The footmen carry in the Shop
Two dozen empty baskets
And Muffins, like Aladdin's gems,
Will fill those royal caskets.

The Mothers and the Nurses get
Their little chicks together,

And all the Grandmas and the Aunts
Converse about the weather,

But looking at the glad blue sky
Admit there's no denying,
If present signs remain, the clouds
Won't even dream of crying.

The cheery Woman of the Shoe,
With children by the dozen,
Brings all of them. She says, "The Lane
Is like a hive a-buzzin'

"With busy bees all eager for
A chance to store up honey,
And where is there another place
So sweet as this and sunny?"

John Sprat (called Jack for short) and Wife
Have hurried on their way,
And puffing close behind them is
The Fat Man of Bombay.

The cheery Woman of the Shoe,
With children by the dozen

He's Mrs. Sprat's own cousin and
At present smokes a pipe
That could not possibly be thieved
By any sort of snipe.

It's full three feet from east to west,
A foot from north to south,
And now and then huge rings emerge
From out his ample mouth;

Or through his nose there comes a stream
Of countless smoky twists
As long as Mr. Sprat's lean shanks
And thick as his two wrists.

A band of boys and girls are always
Tagging at his heels,
Impatient for the Fat Man's rings
As big as wagon wheels.

Here's Kitty Fisher, bless her heart!
And with her Lucy Lockett

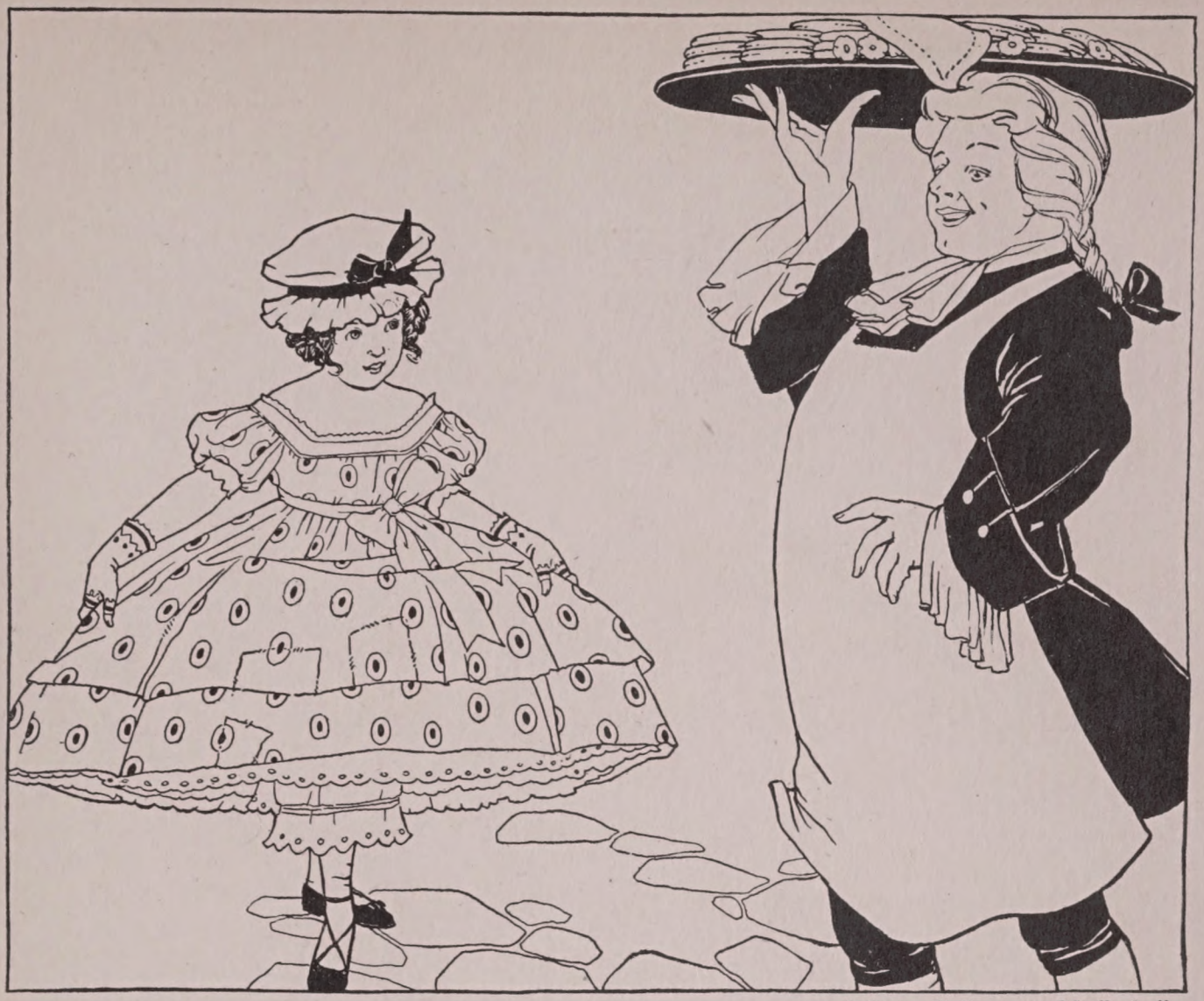
Who carries Muffin pennies for
Them both within her pocket.

"I'll hold the ribbon carefully.
I'd be a perfect goosey
To let it drop again," declares
The Locketts' prudent Lucy.

And here is Polly Flinders with
Her burnt clothes mended neatly,
Who warmed her pretty toes to-day
By running far and fleetly.

"I didn't give my breakfast," she
Asserts, "a chance to settle,
But rushed away, just stopping long
Enough to fill the kettle.

"It's 'Polly, put the kettle on,'
Whenever I'm around there,
Or, 'Take it off again,' so for
To-day I'll not be found there."



"Come, Polly, put a Muffin in,"
The Muffin Man invites her

"Come, Polly, put a Muffin in,"
The Muffin Man invites her,
And curtsying she says she will,
A plan which much delights her.

Here's patient Peter Piper who
Picked pepper, pure and pickled.

A peck he picked, a pretty pile,
Preposterously prickled.

No one has ever known where all
That pickled pepper went to.
Sh-h-h! not a word—*he ate it,*
Though he truly had not meant to.

He'd take a taste, and then one more,
As if 't were sweet and plummy,
Till all the pickled pepper was
Reposing in his tummy.

Poor Peter! how he hopped about
And danced the sailors' hornpipe,
But nothing soothed that pickled peck,
Not e'en his fav'rite corn pipe.

He rocked himself from side to side;
He stood upon his cranium;
He walked upon his hands till he
Was red as a geranium;

He blew the bellows down his throat;
He emptied his carafe—
I've told you many things he did
Yet have not told the half—

And when he'd nearly given up
He chanced to get a Muffin
And straightway did it pacify
His peck of pickled stuffin'.

'T is Peter made the sayings from
His woes, sae sair and mickle:
"I've found a peck of trouble," and
"I'm in a perfect pickle."

Thomas, his son (called Tom for short),
Has grown so fine and big
He would not dream of running off
With someone else's pig.

He and his father like to come
For Muffins and a chat.

Instead of pigs Tom brings with him
His pet, the Fiddling Cat.

Instead of pigs Tom brings with him
His pet, the Fiddling Cat.

Listen! The Cat begins to play.
Watch all the people dance,
And hear the horses whinny as
They shake their heads and prance.

"Oh, what a jolly fiddle-dee!"
The King of Hearts is saying.
"I've never heard such rousing tunes
As Pussy Cat is playing."

"They itch the heels and poke the ribs,
And sing hey-diddle-diddle."
"It always is like that," says Tom,
"When Pussy plays the fiddle."

Jack Jelf is coming; crotchety
He used to be, and surly—
Almost like Rufus Rotchety,
So bumptious and so burly—

But someone gave him Muffins and
Insisted he devour them,
Since when his smiles will not come off
No matter how you scour them.

He's bringing with him, by the hand,
His little friend, Prue Plumpling,

As rosy as an apple and
As dimpled as a dumpling.

Miss Muffet trips sedately with
No fear of bug or spider,
Intent on getting Muffins to
Be entertained inside her.

Now Simple Simon comes in sight;
The Queen at once espies him
And cries, "Here is my little friend!
I surely must surprise him.

"The roads are fine for riding and
But seldom steep or stony.
Ho, page! Dismount that Simon may
Bestride your spanking pony."

How happy is young Simon as
He hops into the saddle!
He slaps the reins, throws out his chest,
And loudly calls, "*Skedaddle!*"

Miss Muffet trips sedately with
No fear of bug or spider

Away the little pony flies,
His mane is wildly waving,
His tail is horizontal, so
Unruly he's behaving!

Away goes Simon's old straw hat!
He almost sheds his breeches
And has to hug the saddle tight
As if his legs were leeches.

But, strange to say, when Simon speaks
The single word, "*Skedoodle!*"
That pony slacks his speed and turns
As quiet as a poodle.

"Amazing!" cry the Royal Pair,
"He's never shown such spirit.
What was the word that mastered him?
We did not plainly hear it."

But Simon shyly shakes his head
And flashes out his dimple.

"It is a secret," he declares—
Which shows he's not so simple!

Now Jack and Jill come on the run,
All out of breath and full of fun,
For Jack had rolled down hill from laughter
And giggling Jill had tumbled after.

"It was another tale," laughs Jill;
"*This* time we tumbled *on* the hill.
I think we must have learned the knack!"
"That's what we have," says sturdy Jack.

"Now, let's away!" the Queen exclaims.
"We can't invite you by your names,
But come, each Mother's Son of you."
"And Daughter," chirrups dimpled Prue.

"Of course!" the King says hurriedly
(He says it almost worriedly).
"Although I'm not averse to noise
I'd rather have the girls than boys."

Now Jack and Jill come on the run,
All out of breath and full of fun

"Well, boys for me," the Queen laughs out.
"But let us start!" There is a shout
And everybody hurries up
As if competing for a cup.

They first o'erflow the royal Coach,
A golden car beyond reproach;

Then girl and boy and maid and man
Pile high the festive Caravan.

The Caravan is big and bright,
With hulk of red and spokes of white,
And paneled sides with painted scenes
Of gnomes and elves and fairy queens.

Around the scenes are fine enamels.
A dozen strong Egyptian camels
Are harnessed to this dashing car
Prepared to draw it fast and far.

Their legs are long and they can stride
With ease o'er all the countryside.
Oh, camels are delightful things
For Circus Managers and Kings!

The King has asked the Muffin Man
To chaperon the Caravan,
And every guest bound for the Castle
Wears a cap with a golden tassel.

The caps are made of different hues—
The prettiest 't were hard to choose!
Like rainbows broken into shreds
They look upon the bobbing heads.

There never was such jollity
As we display at starting.
The bugle toots, the children shout
No sorrow at this parting!

The dogs begin to follow us,
At least a dozen Fidos,
And as the Cat his fiddle plays
I've never seen such didoes!

The horses and the ponies dance
And cut a thousand capers
Until they're like the comic sheets
That come in Sunday papers.

And every Fido spins around
The opposite of lazy,

And all of us rock back and forth
As if we were gone crazy.

"Halt, Pussy Cat!" the King commands.
"Please lay your fiddle down, sir.
I cannot stand such exercise.
I'm sure to lose my crown, sir."

The cat obeys His Highness but
He makes his whiskers stand
As straight and stiff as any wire
Outstretched by human hand;

And 'cross them does he draw his bow
With slow and heavy paw,
And such a noise I never heard
And *surely* never *saw!*

We stick our fingers in our ears
And laugh as if possessed,
But certainly the King of Hearts
Laughs more than all the rest.

"A jolly crowd," he says, "composed
Of cats and clowns and bakers"

"A jolly crowd," he says, "composed
Of cats and clowns and bakers.
I have a thought—come! let us call
Ourselves The Merrymakers."

"The very thing," cries Mrs. King.
"It suits to a T-Y-ty,

And each of us must laugh his best
Till time for bed and nighty."

Bo-Peep is riding near the front
Excitedly she waves her crook;
Then suddenly she stops and cries,
"Behold—good people—look!

"Upon that hedge I surely see
Some lamb-tails hung to dry.
Another shepherd there must be
As careless as was I."

We stop and by the road behold
Three Kittens white and furry,
Angelic smiles upon their lips,
Their voices soft and purry;

And Three Blind Mice beside them sit
Upon their little haunches,
Whose pleasant looks undoubtedly
Mean cheese crumbs in their paunches.

We stop and by the road behold
Three Kittens white and furry

They 're happy since their tails were shorn
By Carver sharp and frightsome.
They used to get them caught in traps
And now they feel so lightsome!

Bo-Peep, descending to the hedge,
Expects to see lambs' nice tails,
But finds three pairs of mittens and
Three slender little mice-tails.

The Cat-who-plays-the-Fiddle had
Me-owed when he espied them.
The Kits are his. They 'd washed their mitts
And on the hedge had dried them.

These Kits and Mice are bosom friends,
As close as cronies could be,
And just as Mice and Kittens oh,
So seldom are, but should be!

We ask all six to come with us.
Bo-Peep takes down the mittens

And clean and dry they clothe the paws
Of three delighted Kittens.

The tails Bo-Peep begins to plant.
Says she, "We've all seen cat-tails
So why not give these mouse-tips here
A chance to grow to rat-tails?"

We drive a little farther when
We see a funny sight:
'Tis four-and-twenty Tailors in
A terror-stricken flight.

One has a goose (a Tailor's iron)
Another bears some shears
That look as if in one quick snip
They'd cut off Giants' ears.

One has a yardstick good and stout,
One bears a ripping knife,
And each has this or that with him
To guard his precious life.

Four-and-twenty Tailors in
A terror-stricken flight

So scared a crew I've never met.
I stare, a perfect gawk,
To see those Tailors' faces white
As slabs of tailors' chalk.

"What ho!" the Muffin Man exclaims.
"Why look you sad and pale?"

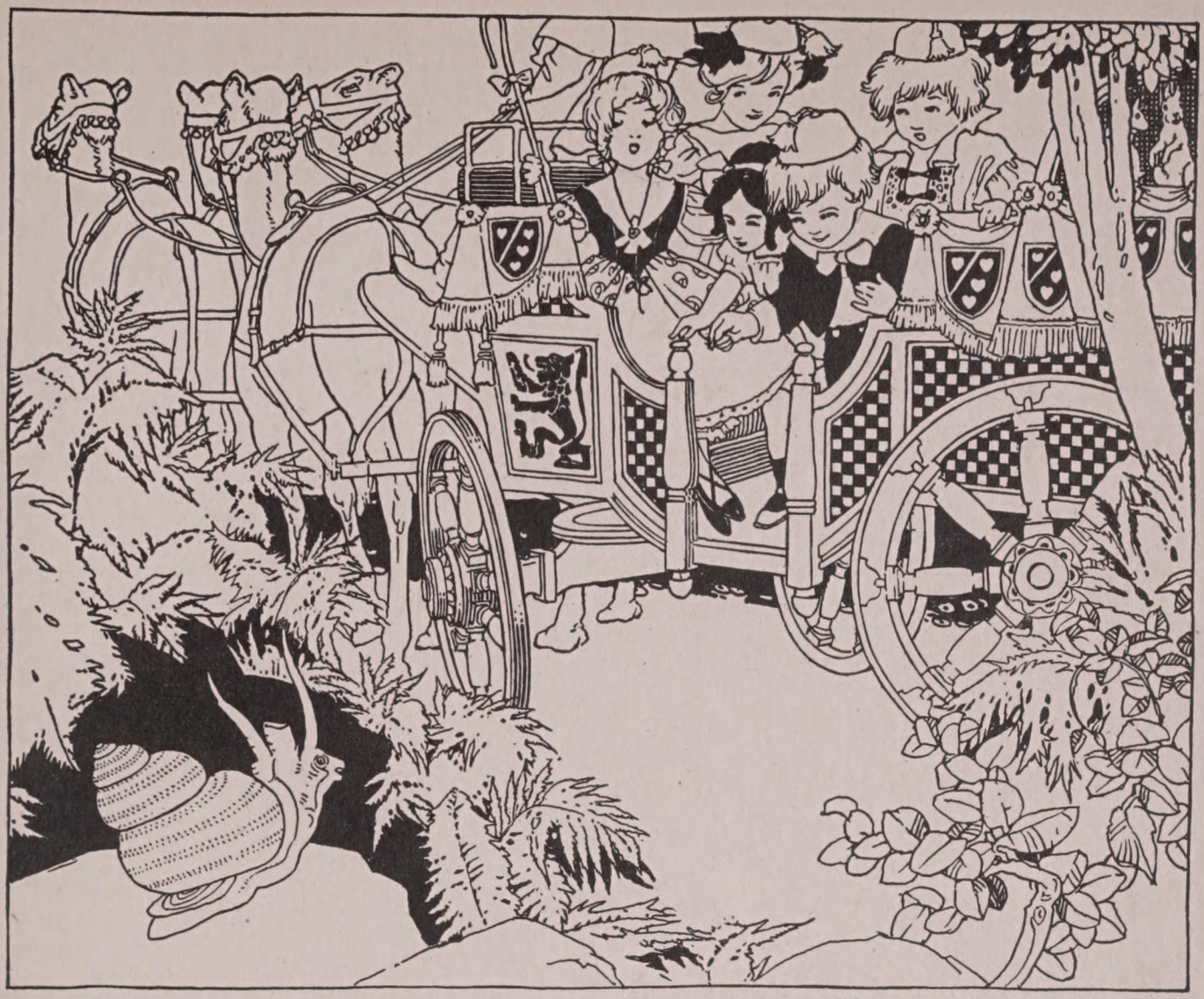
"O Sir! we went upon a quest
To try to kill a Snail.

"But when she thrust her horns at us
And looked us in the eye
The only thing for us to do
Was right about and fly.

"I wish I'd hit her with my goose."
The Muffin Man says, "Cease!
Instead of Tailors twenty-four
You're five-and-twenty Geese."

As we depart we see them all
Discuss the incident
And scratch two dozen heads because
They wonder what he meant!

We meet the Snail beside the road,
Her little horns outspreading.
She's so amused she shakes her sides,
Her very shell near shedding.



We meet the Snail beside the road
Her little horns outspreading

We're loath to leave this merry soul
Whose horns so quaintly plume her.
'T is seldom that one meets a Snail
With such a sense of humor.

As we are hasting on our way
Two birds appear and near us stay.

They circle o'er us round and round;
They flash their wings; they skim the ground.

They fly before us for a space,
Then arrow back with eager grace;
They utter cries to reach the heart;
The horses, even, neigh and start.

It is not long before the King
Observes our friends of feathered wing
And says, "My darling," to the Queen,
"A stranger pair I've never seen.

"There's purpose in the way they act:
I'd stake my crown upon the fact."
At that the birds come circling down,
One lighting on the Kingly crown;

The other with a joyous peck
Leaves kisses on the Queen's white neck.
"My dear," she cries, "you best of men,
This is my neighbor, Jenny Wren,

At that the birds come circling down,
One lighting on the Kingly crown

"And sure as beggars come to town
'T is Robin Redbreast on your crown.
Dear little wingèd friends, what mean you?
'T is fortunate indeed we've seen you."

And now the birds fly off again,
Red Robin and his Jenny Wren.

Excitedly they swoop and antic
Like storm-tossed craft on mid-Atlantic.

"They wish to lead us," cries the Queen.
"Ho, little guides, the fields are green,
The sun is kind, the roof is blue—
Lead on! lead on! we'll follow you."

Then swift as space can swallow them
And fast as steed can follow them
The birds swim through the golden air
Conducting us we know not where.

The camels go with lengthening stride,
The horses gallop glorified,
And all in Coach and Caravan
From Mouse to Master Muffin Man

Can scarcely wait to learn the cause
For breathless speed without a pause.
We sit on edge; our necks we crane;
We watch with all our might and main.

The birds now lead us to a place
Well wooded, near an old mill race,
And with prodigious cheep and flutter
They try their very hearts to utter.

"'T is here we stop," the King cries. "Quick,
Dismount! The timber is so thick
We cannot drive within." The birds
Appear to understand his words

And twitter loudly as we speed
With running footsteps where they lead.
We surely make a droll procession
As through the forest paths we press on.

At last our guides with frantic cheep
Whirl round and round about a heap
Of berry leaves that make a mound
Upon a clearing in the ground.

And perched in all the nearby trees
Are birds by hundreds whence the breeze

Bears melancholy little notes
From all that choir of little throats.

Now to the ground they dip, and fling
The leaves aside with bill and wing,
And soon reveal the woeful sight
Of two young children, still and white.

Again the birds begin to sing
With drooping head and folded wing.
Our eyes are full of tender tears
To see these two forsaken dears.

But even as we look a sigh
Escapes the boy, and with a cry
The Queen sinks down beside the pair
And hugs them to her then and there.

"You Babes in the Wood!" we hear her croon;
"You precious lambs! We'll rouse you soon.
They've swooned from hunger and from fright
To be alone in such a plight."

The Queen sinks down beside the pair
And hugs them to her then and there

We get some water from the race
And gently wet each little face,
Then down their throats we force some more
And truly 't is not long before

The boy gives one or two slow sighs
And opens his bewildered eyes;
While soon his comrade does the same,
Calling him feebly by his name.

"John! O John! O Brother dear!"
"Yes, Jane," he answers her, "I'm here."
The Muffin Man says, "We must seek
Some food. They're famished now and weak."

At first we don't know where to look
For wholesome food; there seems no nook
That we may search, nor dare we wait
To find it. Then the Queen in great

Delight cries, "Haste, you pages! Bring
Some Muffins! 'T is the very thing!"

Away they speed, their horses' shanks
As fleeting as a rascal's thanks.

They're back before a soul can say,
Jack Robinson! The Queen cries: "Stay!
Go slow at first—a little taste,
For too much hurry stands for waste."

So crumb by crumb the Babes are fed
Until a tiny hint of red
Begins to show in cheek and lip.
The birds, ecstatic, soar and dip

And sing until the forest rings
With carols from the happy things.
We scatter crumbs to west and east
And Babes and Birds together feast.

The King cries out, as low he stoops
The childish pair to scan:
"These little ones belong to my
Dead cousins, John and Anne!

Away they speed, their horses' shanks
As fleeting as a rascal's thanks

"They, dying, gave them both to James
With tender words and prayers,
Who vowed he'd guard, as though his own,
His brother's baby heirs.

A goodly fortune they received
But should they chance to die

Their uncle would inherit all."
The King gives forth a sigh.

"I see the plan! The children were
A stumbling-block to James.
He loved their money only." "O,
Poor lambs!" the Queen exclaims.

"He left them here," the King goes on,
"Within these woods alone,
Hoping they'd die so he could have
Their fortune for his own."

"O cruel!" cries the Queen. "With your
Consent we two shall be
Father and Mother to these Babes."
The King says, "I agree."

He lifts wee Janie in his arms,
The Queen takes little John,
And both the Babies cuddle close,
Their faces glad though wan.

He lifts wee Janie in his arms,
The Queen takes little John

The birds are singing mightily,
Their busy bodies bobbin',
But gladdest, maddest of them all
Are Jenny and her Robin.

"O what a happy world is this!
How dancing is the weather!

Our hearts," says Master Muffin Man,
"Are all mixed up together."

As back we climb within the Coach
And painted Caravan
We hear the bushes crackle and
Observe a crouching man.

"Stand forth!" the King calls, and there comes
In view a quaking form
Whose pallid looks and air of grief
Denote an inward storm.

The King starts when he sees him. "James!"
He cries. The Queen is still
But holds John closer as her eyes
With sorry teardrops fill.

The man falls on his knees. He speaks:
"Have mercy! It is true
I wronged the Babes, but I returned
My sinning to undo."

The man falls on his knees. He speaks: "Have mercy!"

"We'll hear your story," says the Queen.
The wretched man begins:
"I'll give you truthfully my tale
Of greed and other sins."

And then his story he relates.
The King had guessed aright:

He longed for wealth and was resolved
The Babes should die this night.

But when he'd thought of little John
And pretty baby Jane—
Their lisping speech, their darling ways—
His tears had dropped like rain,

And to the forest he had come
Distracted with alarms,
Hoping to find the Babes alive
And hold them in his arms.

"James," says the King, "I've heard your tale
And keenly watched your face,
And I'm convinced your heart has won
A close and toilsome race.

"You've sinned, yet you've repented
For the wrong you meant to do.
We'll punish you no further. Go,
And goodness stay with you."

James hangs his head, then raises it
To say, "O noble King,
I thank you deep and fervently."
The birds begin to sing,

And, as he leaves, the children wave
Their hands and call, "Good-bye."
"You precious darlings," cries the Queen,
"'T is good you did not die!"

And now we're off. A singing cloud
Of gladness is above,
For all the birds accompany us
With friendly chirps of love.

By posting hard we finally
Approach the Castle Gate
And through it with a merry dash
We drive in royal state.

"Hurrah!" we cry. "Hip, hip, hurrah!
Hoop-la and zippety-zan!

Hurrah for the Queen! Hurrah for the King!
Hurrah for the Muffin Man!"

So many things we wish to see
We scarce know where to start
Till Humpty-Dumpty calls, "I choose
The barnyard for my part."

And like a lot of silly sheep
We gaily follow after,
Filling the air with skips and jokes
And much light-hearted laughter

Upon the way we pass a Maid
A-hanging clothes to dry,
And see a Bird as black as jet
About her shoulders fly.

He pecks her lips for kisses and
He rubs her cheeks of rose,
But best of all he likes to play
He's nipping off her nose.

Upon the way we pass a Maid
A-hanging clothes to dry

Beneath a haystack fast asleep
A Boy lies, dressed in blue.
His smock is blue, his eyes are blue,
I think his dreams are, too,

For he is crying, "Run, sheep, run!
The wolf has chops of red."
"Wake up," Bo-Peep calls, shaking him,
"Don't be a sleepy-head!"

A little pony roams about
As gentle as a dove.
He whinnies when he sees the Queen
And gives her hand a shove.

She says, "You shall belong to John
And Jane. Mind what they say
And bear them safely on your back
You dear old Dapple-Gray."

Upon him do the children climb
As proud as Chinese Princes,

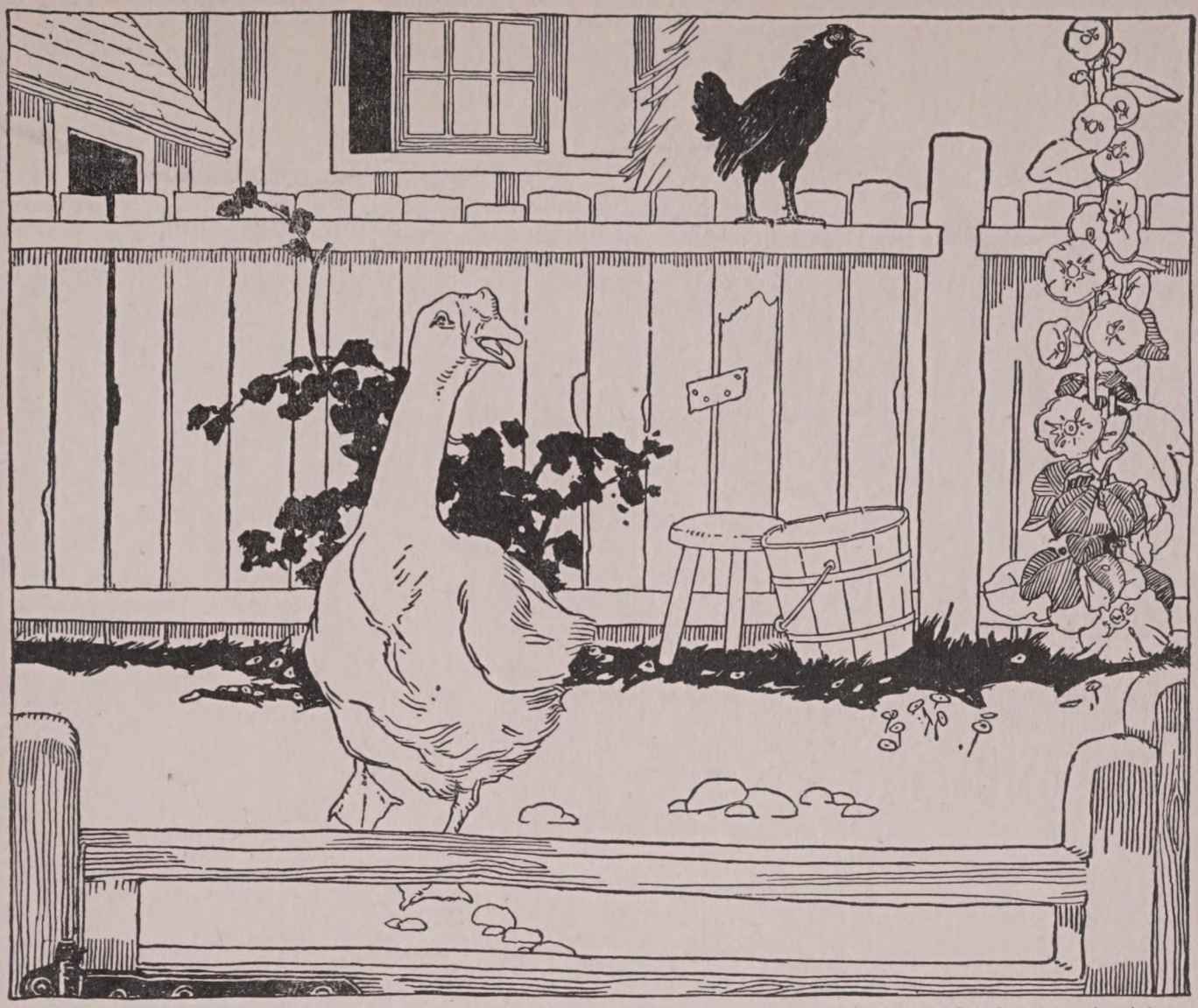
And Dapple-Gray, with careful step,
His happy pride evinces.

We reach the barnyard where we hear
A long, triumphant cackle.
Little Black Hen, who's laid an egg,
With joy doth fairly crackle.

"*O cluck-cluck-cluck,*" she gaily shrills,
"*O cluck-cluck-cluck-cu-da-cutt.*"
She means, "My eggs, some nine or ten,
Are ready now for ma'ket."

Here Goosey Gander comes in sight
With most convincing waddle,
Who, when he sees the Muffin Man,
Begins to bow his noddle

And say, "*Honk! honk!*" so earnestly
And with so much uprightness
The Muffin Man extends his hand
To match him in politeness.



Here Goosey Gander comes in sight
With most convincing waddle

"My good old friend, you used to stop
For Muffins in the Muffin Shop.
I give you greeting, Master Goose."
"*Honk! honk!*" he says as big as Moose.

At this a Little Dog laughs out
To see such manners hereabout,

And wears a grin so long and wide
You know it has its start inside.

"*Bow-wow!*" he barks, excitedly;
"*Bow-wow!*" he booms, delightedly;
And as his tail he madly wiggles
You know it's but the way he giggles.

The Pretty Maid with stool and pail
Appears and gives us friendly hail.
"Where are you going?" we all inquire.
"To milk the Cow in yonder byre.

"She has a kick of so much spirit
The maids and men around here fear it,
And when she jumps you ought to see
How everyone prepares to flee.

"They say that once she felt so jolly
She did her wildest piece of folly:
Upon a tranquil night in June
She jumped right o'er the yellow moon.

The Pretty Maid with stool and pail
Appears and gives us friendly hail

"So now most everybody feels
A trifle timid of her heels.
I seem the only one who knows
Just how to pat her shiny nose,

"And how to whisper in her ear
The things that cows delight to hear,

And how to praise her coat of silk,
And how to coax her creamy milk.

"Now I must go or she'll be cross.
Coo, Boss!" she calls, "coo, Boss! coo, Boss!"
As Pretty Maid is lost to view
There sounds a mild and plaintive *Moo.*

We leave the yard amid a chorus
Of grunts and squeals and clucks uproar'ous.
The sun dial says it's well past noon
And so the King calls, "Luncheon soon!"

There's not a bit of use pretending
We're sorry that our fast is ending.
To Castle Halls we romp and rollic,
Full of antics parabolic.

The Cat begins to play his fiddle.
You'd think our feet were on a griddle.
We leap-the-frog! we march! we jig!
We spin around like a whirligig!

To Castle Halls we romp and rollic,
Full of antics parabolic

The Cow kicks out a hinder hoof
And jumps clear through the stable roof.
In vain the Milk Maid calls, "Coo, Boss!"
The Cow is making caper-sauce.

A Dish, infected by the fiddle,
With cold lamb gravy in its middle

In which a Spoon is sticking tight,
Rolls merrily in headlong flight.

This surely is a merry-go-round,
So fast they whirl along the ground.
Over the hills and away they spin,
An earthen dish and a spoon of tin.

Over the hills and away, tra-la!
The Little Dog laughs a droll ha-ha!
We all join in till the day resounds
With affable, laughable, chaffable sounds.

We stream into the Banquet Hall
And how we clap our hands and call!
I give my word that splendid room
With hearts by hundreds is a-bloom.

It's like a giant Muffin Shop,
As if it grew and could n't stop.
A table runs from door to door
With hearts behind and hearts before,

And on it—if my words had wings
I might describe the luscious things.
Just think of what you like the best:
Fruits from the East; game from the West;

Nuts from the North; flowers from the South;
Pickles to tease and screw your mouth;
Sweets of every kind that's made;
Gallons and gallons of marmalade;

A glad array of jelly tarts
Baked by the lovely Queen o' Hearts;
But best of all we like to see
The Muffin baskets, full and free.

The King delights to make a speech.
"Friends, welcome," he commences.
"We hope you'll find a pleasure here
For each of your five senses;

"For by and by—" The Queen says, "*S-h-h-h!*"
And pulls his sleeve, then reaches

Up on her toes to whisper, "Let
Them eat; they don't like speeches."

"Ahem!" the King says doubtfully,
And on he goes *ahemming*
Until the Queen cries, "Sit you down!"
At this there is no stemming

The tide of eatables that flows
To every guest that's present.
And how we sample this and that—
A task not half unpleasant!

And when we've eaten nearly all
The goodies we can hold
A pair of pages enter with
Their faces glad as gold.

They proudly bear upon a plate
As broad as you are high
A most inviting, spanking good,
Gigantic kind of Pie.

A pair of pages enter with
Their faces glad as gold

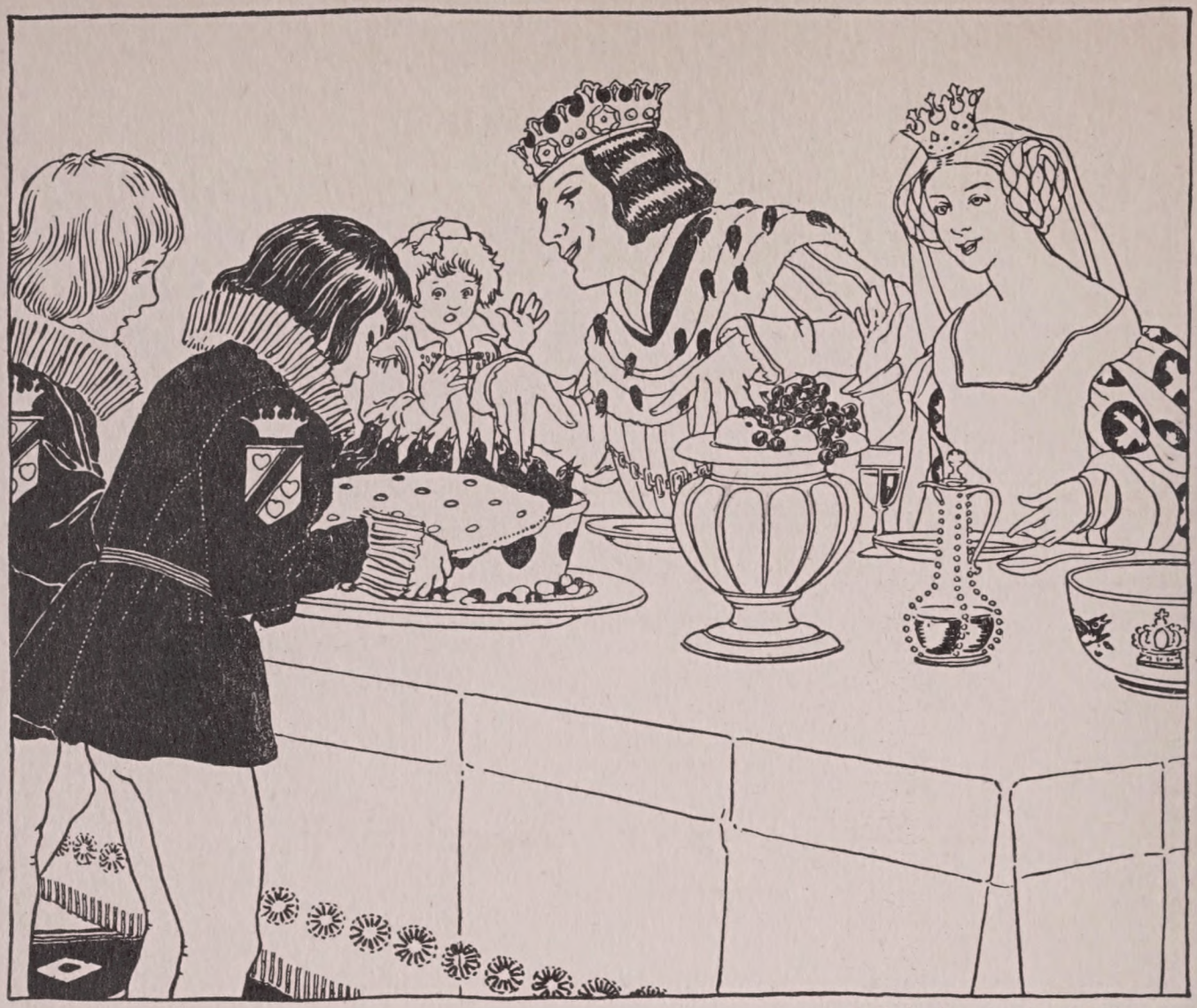
The King gets up to make a speech.
"My friends," he doth begin it,
But here the Queen says, "*S-h-h-h*, my dear!
They'd rather see what's in it."

We stare wide-mouthed the while the Pie
Is carried to the table
And placed there in the silence that
Succeeds our former babel.

The pages bow to right and left,
Salute their royal master
(They take their time impressively:
A snail could move much faster)

And slowly raise the upper crust
Delectable and porous,
Revealing Birds as black as night
That sing in joyful chorus.

Two dozen Birds—I counted them—
Wide-stretch as many bills



And slowly raise the upper crust
Delectable and porous

To loose a stream of melody
And countless merry trills.

Such jet-black Birds I've never known!
Such Pie I've never seen!
Such sunny tones I've never heard!
So glad I've never been!

The King has pockets full of rye
With which to feed his pets.
He gives them each eleven grains,
And hear the thanks he gets:

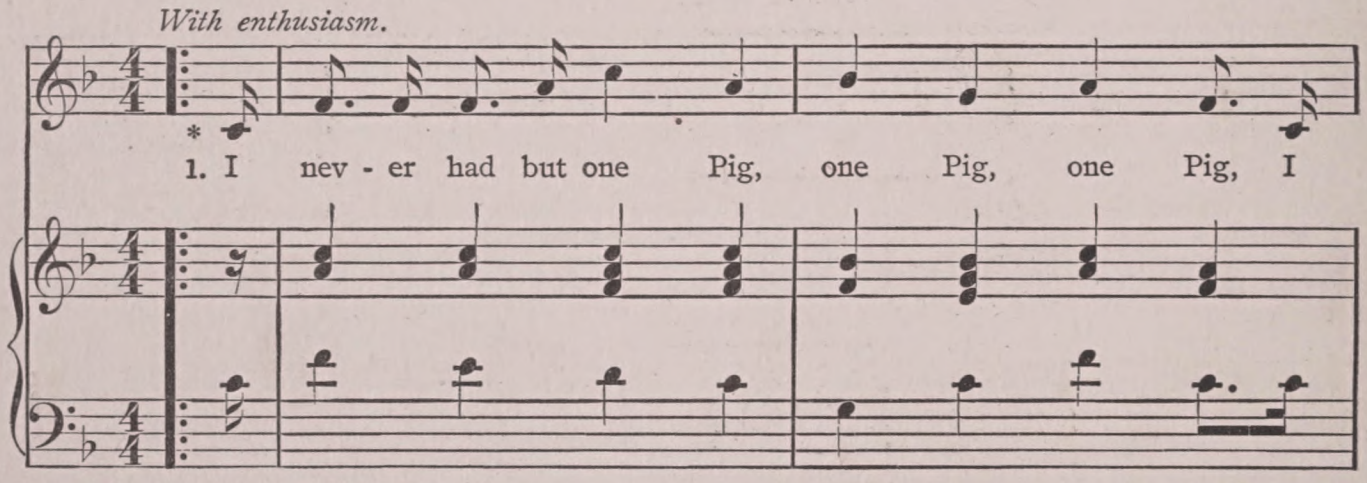
Song of the Pie

"Good!" cries the King. "I love a song;
Who'll let me hear one other?"
"You sing," says one. "No, you," says one.
"No—*you*," says still another.

And so it goes until at last
The Muffin Man calls Tom.
"I've found the lad who'll sing," says he;
"Observe him take the palm."

So out steps Tom with laugh and bow
As cool as six cucumbers,
And in a voice as gay as brass
He sings these jolly numbers:

The Pig Song



*The air is suggestive of an English folk tune.

nev - er had but one Pig, And oh, he ran a - way. He
was - n't more than so big, so big, so big, He
was - n't more than so big, And ver - y fond of hay.

2.

I took him to the city, city, city,
I took him to the city to find what he would bring,
When Piggy, what a pity! pity! pity!
When Piggy, what a pity! decided to take wing.

3.

He flew around the corner, corner, corner,
He flew around the corner and through the Court House Square.
I never felt forlorner, lorner, lorner,
I never felt forlorner or fuller of despair.

4.

I chased him up an alley, alley, alley,
I chased him up an alley and through a broken gate.
We did not dilly-dally, dally, dally,
We did not dilly-dally for it was growing late.

In a voice as gay as brass
He sings these jolly numbers

5.

I chased that Pig by moonlight, moonlight, moonlight,
I chased that Pig by moonlight until the break o' day,
And after that 't was soon light, soon light soon light,

And after that 't was soon light and still he ran away.

6.

I chased him up a steeple, steeple, steeple,
I chased him up a steeple and through the village church.
We scared away the people, people, people,
We scared away the people and left them in the lurch.

7.

I chased him through the ocean, ocean, ocean,
I chased him through the ocean till we were good and wet,
I've learned perpetual motion, motion, motion,
I've learned perpetual motion: *that Pig I'm chasing yet.*

When Tom has finished, all of us
With heartiness of feeling

Sing loud and long The Muffin Song,
A deal of love revealing,

And when we reach the closing lines
So rollicking and jolly:
O tir-ro-lo-lee, O tir-ro-lo-lee,
O tir-ro-lo-lee, lo-lolly,

The Muffin Man says, "Come, chicks, come.
We must not stay forever,
And yet the memory of this day
Will never leave, no, never."

Then to the singing Caravan
And to the Coach so golden
We troop, our hearts in gratitude
To King and Queen beholden.

And when the drivers crack their whips
And we are really starting
We call "Good-bye! good luck to all!"
And wave our hands in parting.

Faster we go and faster still
Till in the twilight tender
With sheep bells tinkling, up the Lane
We dash in gallant splendor.

Before the little Muffin Shop
Our steeds are blithely halted
And out we climb still gay of step,
Our spirits still exalted.

We pat the horses kind farewells,
We stroke the camels shyly,
Give each a Muffin just to show
That we esteem them highly.

We chirp good-byes to all the birds,
To drivers, ponies, pages,
Then off they go like lightning streaks,
Or Mr. Spendthrift's wages.

Within the Shop the clock's two hands
To north and south are spreading

Within the Shop the clock's two hands
To north and south are spreading

As six clear strokes reverberate,
Another hour unthreading.

And that the Dark may see itself
When night-time really comes,
We place a candle on the sill,
Then wander to our homes.

And the Lighted Candle Sings

Most stars are cold and still and high, But
when the hours are drifts of grey, I lift my one Star
that it may Be neigh - bor to the Pass - er - by.

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